The Afternoon of April 2004

Flash Fiction

by

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343 Words

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Across the graveyard, a phantom in the middle distance.

Skies of grey are darkly overhead, and the robed being is a startling contrast. It's a spectre of sorts, a non-corporeal thing of luminous and alien shadow...slender, serene, floating ever so slightly above prismed patchworks of snow.

It's oblivious to me, while it frequently changes course. A search? It makes no sound at all, smoothly gliding a hand's width from the ground, gossamer robes barely fluttering in a breeze which can't even exist.

Not on *this* plane, anyhow.

I hide behind a quite ornate headstone. Mm. Interesting craftsmanship. And very old. I shall have to examine the stone more closely. At a later time.

The spectre again changes direction, moving perpendicular to my spot. I feel something curious, an energy not there before. From the spectre, I should think. Pale and warm, not of this earth, added to the spectre's wonderful pearlescence.

Like a blue-white star through prison doors. Or something.

A guardian? Or messenger? Could simply be lost, you know.

The spectre turns and looks my way. Oh, dear. It now appears more alert. More engaged, even.

The being approaches. As the crow flies, no less.

Uh oh.

There is, of course, the vial of powdered silver the old man gave me. Certainly hate to use the concoction so soon in the journey, especially with no guarantee the damned thing will actually work.

What to do?

The spectre is closer, its features more clear: elegant angles of a lovely feminine face and form, obscured by a somewhat challenging glow.

Yes, so radiant...in a place so very dead.

Again, what to do?

On this, the spectre disappears. I look suspiciously to and fro, but keep my position. I'm certain it's still lurking about. But where?

And then it occurs to me that I should look *backward*.

I turn to find the spectre hovering a few paces away in absolute silence...and looking right at me.

Then I see——unmistakably and as I'd surely suspected——that it is, in fact...

Her.

Well. How do you do?

End.